TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Oct. 1st, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Corresponding week, 1881.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	82°	58°	70°	Mon.	66°	52°	59°
Tues.	74°	60°	67°	Tues.	71°	60°	65°5
Wed.	72°	58°	65°	Wed.	67°	54°	60°5
Thur.	60°	43°	51°5	Thur.	62°	51°	56°5
Fri...	70°	50°	60°	Fri..	71°	56°	63°5
Sat..	64°	58°	61°	Sat..	65°	53°	59°
Sun..	62°	54°	58°	Sun..	66°	48°	56°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 7, 1882.

THE WEEK.

UNDER the title of "A Literary Fraud," Mr. N. F. Flood makes things a little lively for the Secretary of the Royal Society of Canada, over his recently published pamphlet "Canada as a Home." He alleges that there are "in almost every sentence gross grammatical blunders; blunders such, that if they appeared in an emigration pamphlet the author would not be allowed again to show his face in the Department of Agriculture." This assertion he proceeds to make good by a careful analysis of the pamphlet in question which, if in places perhaps a little hypercritical, yet certainly justifies to a great degree from a literary point of view the assertion made as to its incorrectness. An interesting question will perhaps now present itself to readers of the above, viz, Did Mr. Bourinot write the report of the proceedings and foundation of the Society? We recommend this remarkable document to Mr. Davin as a pleasant study for the ensuing long evenings. It is in many respects unique.

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EVERY one remembers the last flash of Swift's mighty intellect before it sank for ever into darkness:

"Here stands a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence
They build a magazine."

Has not Ireland furnished us within the last month another proof of this same sense and wit? Mr. Gray, being hard and fast in prison in Dublin, is presented with the *freedom* of six other towns by those marvellous countrymen of his!

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IT appears from the *Academy* that the Mantovani (the same, we suppose, that less superior persons would call Mantuans) propose to celebrate the nineteenth centenary of "Roman Virgil's" death by a literary competition, horse-racing, an agricultural show and pigeon-shooting. All most appropriate. Of the result of the literary competition one may, perhaps, be a little doubtful; but for the rest no one can question their fitness in a programme designed to do honor to the "chanter" of the *Georgics* and of the funeral games of father Anchises—except, perhaps, Mr. Anderson, who might find something to say against the pigeon-shooting. But this is, of course, to be "a strife of archers with contending bows," as that waged against "the fluttering dove" tied to the shattered galley-mast on the Sicilian shore. No villanous and modern saltpetre will be allowed, we are sure, by these discriminating Mantovani to profane the memory of their Virgil.

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A MOST ridiculous proposal appears in the *Rock*, viz., that clergymen incommoded at "the baptism of sick or refractory infants" should be relieved by "having at hand a convenient receptacle, something in the nature of a small fixed cradle, to place the child in during the ceremony." A clergyman, for many years the coxswain of the Cambridge crew, and said to be the smallest parson in England, had a morbid horror of baptizing, because he could not hold babies satisfactorily; but how he or any other over-sensitive cleric would be relieved by this latest Evangelical fad it is difficult to comprehend.

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APROPOS of Sir Garnet's promises, notice the following from *La France Militaire*, which journal, being dated Thursday, the 14th September, was probably printed a day or two earlier:

"Un vif sentiment de déception s'est manifesté récemment en Angleterre, relativement à la guerre d'Egypte. Les Anglais, généralement présomptueux, ont pris à la lettre la promesse un peu risquée du Général Wolseley, et se sont flattés que la campagne serait virtuellement terminée le 15 Septembre. De cette prétension, il a fallu rabattre."

Curious, is it not?

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IT seems pretty much a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other between the *Times* correspondent in Egypt and the ingenious gentleman who lately represented the *Daily Telegraph* in that legendary land. The gentleman who writes from Ismailia to Printing-house Square seems determined to make the English army as ridiculous as may be. After having bespattered Sir Archibald Alison and his Highlanders with clumsy praise for not running away when the enemy fired at them, he now has a turn at Colonel Richardson of the 46th. That officer, it appears, was ordered up with his regiment in support of the force that moved out from Nefiche on Thursday morning. As has hitherto been customary with the British officers in such cases, he obeyed the order. But this appears to our correspondent so astounding an instance of valor and devotion, that he is compelled to speak of it in this fashion: "Within half an hour Colonel Richardson, a man who never forgets the rules of courtesy even in the hour of danger, had marched." No doubt Sir Garnet's restrictions work very well as far as his army and its operations are concerned out in Egypt, but they certainly tend to make them uncommonly ridiculous at home.

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LADY FLORENCE DIXIE seems likely, before long, to fill the place in the public heart that has remained vacant since Mrs. Giacometti Prodgers, the champion of the oppressed "fare" (not "fair"), retired from public life. It is mainly to her persistent championship that London owes the honor of a visit from Cetewayo: and now she has taken another martyr to English tyranny under her uneasy wing. It appears that she has written to Mr. Edward Gray to assure him of her sympathy, of her "abhorrence at the unfair sentence," and to applaud him for making public "a case of disgraceful scandal." However, matters might be worse. She does admit it to be desirable that criminals should be brought to justice; whereas the strong-minded female of the present generation, so long as the criminal does not interfere with her, is generally to be found asserting herself on his side.

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PROBABLY few of the generous souls who were so furiously outraged at the action taken by certain English oarsmen, against the recognition of the Hillsdale crew as amateurs, will be disposed still to maintain their position. When so cautious a paper as the *Times* can describe the tactics adopted by the Americans throughout the race as "deserving of the strongest reprobation," and such as "in this country only characterizes the match-rowing of the lowest class of professionals," it is plain that there must be something, to say the least, a little vague about the American definition of the term *amateur*. But, indeed, throughout all the domain of sport, there is a very strong and daily-increasing necessity for a clear and final division between the amateur and the professional. As long as this uncertainty lasts, and is prolific of bad blood, bad work, and bad faith, it is inevitable that each will assimilate to himself the worst qualities of the other, while losing what has hitherto been his own distinctive characteristic.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE-SHOOTING.

The beginning of the rifle practice which has resulted in the international contests of Wimbledon and Creedmoor may be traced back to 1859, when the first commission was issued to an officer of a volunteer corps. British official bodies move slowly, and the agitation which produced this result had been going on, in a fitful and intermittent way, for more than ten years. It was in 1847, indeed, that "the Duke" set the ball in motion with a letter to Sir John Burgoyne, in which he said: "I have endeavored to awaken the attention of different administrations to the defenseless state of our country. We bear a great deal of the spirit of the people of England, but, unorganized and undisciplined, that spirit, opposed to the fire of musketry and cannon, and the sabres and bayonets of disciplined troops, would only expose those animated with that spirit to confusion and destruction. I hope that the Almighty may prevent me from being the witness of a tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert."

There had been no enrollment of volunteers in England since the fright of a French invasion in 1803, when a hasty movement was made, besung by Scott and Campbell, and only serving to demonstrate without organizing "the spirit of the people of England." The volunteers of 1803 remained in arms, and were considered by many unmilitary persons to have been a very substantial defense to the country, and indeed to have frightened Napoleon out of his scheme of invasion, before they were disbanded after his retreat to Elba in 1814. The arming of the Irish people in 1780 had had very serious political consequences, and the volunteers had become considerably more formidable to the government of that day than they would have been to any foreign invader. Perhaps this may partly account for the apathy of the English Administrations, 1847-59, which otherwise seems unaccountable.

The persistency of Mr. Nathaniel Bonsfield, a Liverpool merchant, who had formed a company, called the "Liverpool Drill Club," in 1852, and had continually appealed for official recognition and aid, was aided by the general doubt of the French Emperor's intentions when the war with Austria broke out. In June, 1859, Mr. Bonsfield, now Lieutenant Colonel Bonsfield, received the first commission granted to an officer of volunteers. Tennyson's verses in the *Times*—not very good verses for the Laureate—

"There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day"—

at once expressed and excited the popular feeling, and the last verse set forth the contemporary English view of the third Napoleon:

"Form! be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True, that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means—
Form! form! riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!"

March 7, 1860, the Queen held a special levee for officers of the volunteers. June 23 was the first great volunteer review in Hyde Park, when twenty thousand men marched past the Queen in Hyde Park. Two persons were present who had taken part in the great volunteer review of 1803—Lord Combermere, of the staff, and a private who was in the ranks on both occasions. At the banquet at Trinity House in the evening Prince Albert, who had been an early and constant supporter of the movement, made a spirited speech of congratulation. The establishment of the range on Wimbledon Common followed in the same year, largely through the efforts of Lord Elcho, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of a volunteer regiment, and the giver of the Elcho Shield, which has ever since remained the "blue ribbon" of Wimbledon in team shooting, as the Queen's prize, also first awarded in 1860, has been of individual shooting. The first shot over the range was fired by the Queen, that is to say, her Majesty pulled the trigger of a Whitworth rifle which had already been aimed and fixed in position, and made a "bull's-eye." Since then there has been an annual meeting at Wimbledon camp in imitation of the Swiss *Tir Fédéral* and *Tir Cantonneau*, and annual competitions for many prizes. The Elcho Shield, first given in 1862, open to teams from England, Scotland, and Ireland (since 1865), has been won eleven times by England, five times by Scotland, and five times by Ireland, with a winning score ranging from 890 in the possible 1800, with which England won in 1862, to 1642, with which England won in 1881. The closest match was that of 1875, in which Ireland made 1506, Scotland 1503, England 1502. The American team has never shot at Wimbledon, although the American team of 1875 went to Wimbledon after their victory at Dollymount, and a special prize was given for competition among them, which was won by Major Fulton, with a score of 133 out a possible 150.

The national Rifle Association of America is about ten years old, and grew out of the Amateur Rifle Club. The first international match shot at Creedmoor in 1874, between a team of six members of the Amateur Rifle Club and an Irish team composed of six of the winners of the Elcho Shield of 1873. It was won by the Americans with a score of 934 out of a possible 1350, and the beaten team only three points behind. The return match at Dollymount in 1875 was also won by the Americans, with a majority of 39 points, the Centennial match with a majority of 11, and the match of 1880 with a majority of 12.

The Americans had thus been victorious in every international match in which they had competed up to the match of 1882, in which the competition has been arranged under conditions in several respects different from those which have preceded it. The rifle used in previous contests has been a match rifle specially made for target practice of the extreme ranges. The only restrictions were that the weapon should not weigh more than ten pounds, and that the "pull" of the trigger should not be less than three pounds. The weapon used this year is a practical military rifle with a maximum weight of nine pounds four ounces, a minimum pull of six pounds, and with other regulations of detail which are supposed to take the weapon out of the category of "fancy" rifles into that of serviceable arms. This rifle is to be used at ranges of 200, 500, 600, 800, 900, and 1000 yards, seven shots for each man at each range, and a bull's-eye to count five, so that a perfect individuals score at the six ranges would be 210, and a perfect team score 420 at each range, or 2520 in all. The competition is restricted on the English side to volunteers who were efficient in 1881, that is, who have been present for duty with their corps on twenty-four days during the year, and on the American side to active members of the militia or National Guard of any State.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 16.

CERTAIN fast young ladies have latterly taken to wearing spurs in their boots when they are in walking costume.

THE war correspondents of the daily papers have not been permitted to report the fact which is given in a private communication that a sentinel who was found fast asleep at his post on the lines before Ismailia was ordered to be shot.

A FIERCE spirit of rivalry has taken hold of our theatrical beauties, not in the matter of genius, but in the possession of jewels. Thus Fanny Davenport, the American actress, who has raised the stars and stripes over Mr. Toole's little theatre, is the most lavishly bedizened queen who has probably ever strode before a British audience. The value of her stage jewellery is put down at £12,000. The English actresses have hitherto been lavishly jewelled in their stage presentments, but the whole of the glittering possessions of each would not equal in value one of the trinkets which graces the ample form of the American tragedienne. In her day Mrs. Rousby had a reputation for diamonds and rubies, before which the gems of Adelina Patti were said to pale their ineffectual fires. The other evening a thrill ran through the stalls of one of our theatres when a diamond star fell unnoticed from the hair of one of the ladies; but Miss Fanny Davenport might drop a couple of hands full, and still she might shine resplendently.

MR. KING, an aeronaut well known on the other side of the Atlantic, is convinced that all that is necessary in order to cross the Atlantic is that the balloon should be kept at a uniform elevation of about 2,000 feet, in which case, starting when the winds are westerly he reckons that he would be safely and swiftly landed in Europe. He proposes to construct a balloon with a capacity of 300,000 feet of gas, and to this he will attach a rope 5,000 feet long. His theory is that on account of the weight of this rope the balloon could not ascend much higher than 2,000 feet nor fall far below that height, since as it descended the rope would be buoyed up by the ocean, and being thus relieved of the drag the ascent of the balloon would be arrested. The idea is a pretty one, and will be particularly interesting to passengers by ocean steamers. Mr. King's rope would be a nice thing to meet on a dark night. It would be difficult to say which would be more astonished as the rope twisted round the steamer, Mr. King or the captain.

MRS. FRED. BURNABY, apparently emulous of the feats of her famous husband, has been astonishing the Alpine world by some determined climbing. Arriving at Courmayeur, shortly after it had witnessed the bringing down of the bodies of poor Balfour and his guide, Mrs. Burnaby calmly announced her intention of ascending Mont Blanc by the Col de Géant, a peak 11,000 feet high. This successfully accomplished, Mrs. Burnaby two days later determined to scale the same mountain by Les Aguilles Grises. This was even a more difficult task, involving a night in the snow. But the dauntless little lady went through with the work, and after a brief rest, clambered the Grandes Forasses, which frown over the lovely valley in which Courmayeur nestles. This done, and there being apparently no more worlds to conquer, Mrs. Burnaby went on to Chamounix. Any one who knows the famous mountain on the Italian side will recognize these as feats of which a strong man might well be proud. The record will rather astonish Mrs. Burnaby's friends, who remember with regret the condition of her health which hurried her away from London before the advance of winter, and prevented her from returning even for what we are pleased to call our summer.